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Chee Moo's Choice

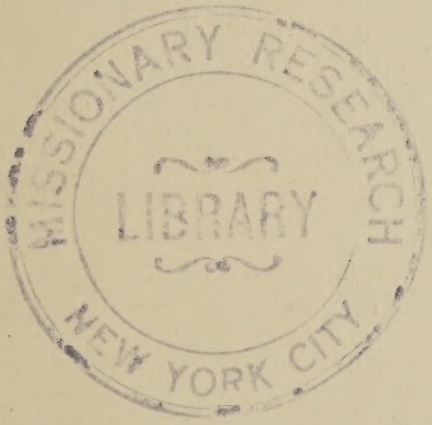
A MISSIONARY PLAY
ABOUT CHINA

By

ANNA C. SWAIN

for the

WORLD WIDE GUILD



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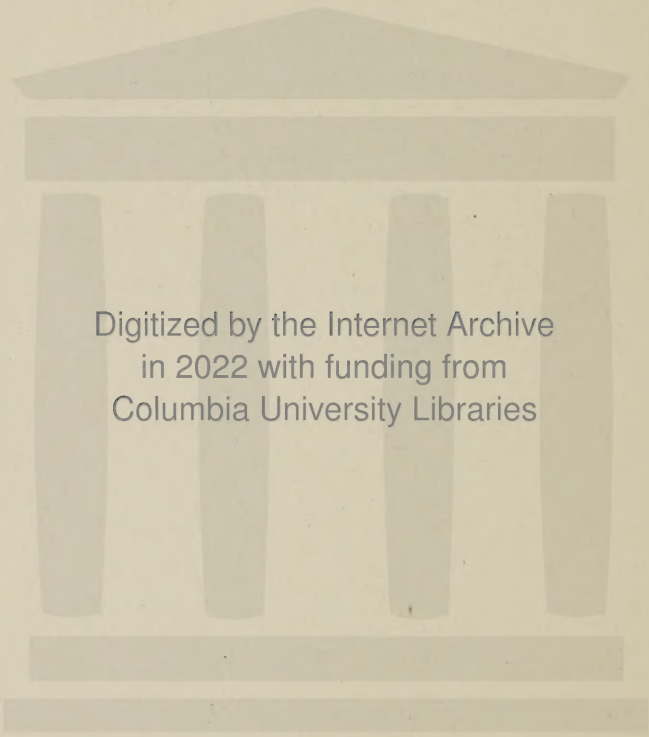
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CHEE MOO'S CHOICE

A MISSIONARY PLAY IN 3 ACTS

By ANNA C. SWAIN

CAST

CHEE MOO, an attractive little Chinese girl of about twenty years of age.
JOAN AND AURELIA, juniors at Wells College.
CHRISTINE AND PHOEBE, two of their best friends. All four of these girls are just impulsive, thoughtless, kind-hearted college girls of the present day.
MARY, rather an inquisitive, perky little house-maid.

ACT I.

It is September and the college room of Joan and Aurelia is in process of being arranged for the year. Boxes and suitcases, etc., galore.

ACT II.

Same room, one week later.

ACT III.

Same room—a June evening, a year and a half later. Candles are lighted and there is a small fire in the fireplace and again the room is in disorder, for college is almost over.

Act I.

(*Joan and Aurelia busily unpacking. Joan begins to unpack an important looking box.*)

Joan—And now we come to a most important task—

Aurelia—Oh, horrors, Joan, don't tell me you have added to your awful collection. Really (*tearing her hair*) it took three precious weeks of my vacation getting over its effect on me. And only last week I woke up in the middle of the night and felt all those awful eyes.

Joan—Calm down, dearie, I have good news. I have almost reached the place where I'm going to settle down into a mature elderly engaged person. My collection now only contains three specimens—and very fine ones they are, indeed. And soon there will be only one, but—which one, that is the question.

Aurelia (*groans*)—If I could only believe you.

Joan (*opening box and taking out three framed photographs*)—Here we have them! (*Looks them over critically.*) Tom—a perfect dear, and carrying with him the possibility of Yale Prom. Bobby, terribly good-looking, and with him goes Dartmouth Winter Carnival.

Aurelia—You simpleton—you know you detest cold weather, and as near as I can make out it's usually 50 below zero up there.

Joan—But Ree, they do have other things up there besides freezing to death—teas and parties and everything. But as I was saying—and last but not least, the noble Richard, who is almost a full fledged M. D. and who is so deep. Really I'm quite intrigued with him.

Aurelia—Well, let's see the new victim. Hmm—nothing very handsome.

Joan—Wait till you see him. This really doesn't——(*interruption from outside*).

(*Christine and Phoebe enter and there are shrieks and hugs and then Phoebe emerges from the mêlee.*)

Phoebe—Here's your mail, Joan. The only person on this floor to get any!

Christine (*interrupting*)—And there's a cable for you down stairs, and the Western Union boy says you've got to sign in person and he says——

Phoebe (*interrupting*)—Who's it from, Joan?

Joan—How should I know. Who can it be from?

Phoebe—Well you certainly know who is abroad—whether it's some of your awful collection, or perhaps some of your family.

JOAN—Really, I don't know. I can't think of a soul—who could it be?

AURELIA—Of course, I know I'm stupid, and haven't much of brain, but I should like to beg to suggest——

JOAN (*interrupting*)—Of course—Aunt Hester.

PHOEBE—Where is she?

JOAN (*slowly*)—Why, she's in China.

PHOEBE—Taking a trip around the world?

JOAN—Well, no, not exactly—she's doing some kind of educational work there. Something quite important, I believe. Seems, though, she's connected up with Rockefeller Foundation, or something of that sort. I'll run down.

AURELIA—Poor Joan, she hates to admit it, and don't you dare to let on, but it's the skeleton in her closet (*impressively*). She has an aunt who is (*impressively*)—a—Baptist missionary.

PHOEBE—Poor kid, isn't that awful. My father says "If only we'd clean up our own country FIRST"—he simply won't give his money to these things. He wants to know where his money goes.

CHRISTINE—I could enlighten him.

AURELIA—Well, I believe in giving to Near East Relief and some of those things—of course you have to when people are starving, etc., but—

JOAN (*reenters*)—Isn't this funny! Listen here—I don't know what she's talking about. "Give my love Chee Moo.—Aunt Harriet." (*Phoebe and others crowd around.*)

PHOEBE—C-h-e-e-m-o-o, Hmm! Have you any relative whose names look anything like that?

JOAN—What if I did have!—why would she be cabling her love to them through me?

AURELIA—Some mistake, of course. Isn't that just like the sort of service we get everywhere. Evidently cabling is just as unsatisfactory as Western Union and telephones!

CHRISTINE—Have you heard from Auntie lately?

JOAN—No. She usually writes to the folks.

PHOEBE (*who has been examining the three photographs, happens to notice letters*)—Maybe there's something here. (*Picks them up, runs through them.*) It takes brains to solve the mystery. Here certainly is a letter from China.

JOAN—(*Seizes it and reads to herself.*)

AURELIA—Well, we're all ears!

JOAN—Dear Joan:—I am so busy that I don't find time to write to all the family the way I ought, but I am writing this directly to you because it concerns you—and it has all happened in such a hurry that I scarcely know what to do. My star pupil, Chee Moo, has just had a chance to go to U. S. and complete her last two years at Wells—

and I'm so pleased and happy for her. Of course I am just worried to death for fear she will be lonesome, and I want you to take her under your special care. You'll love her just as much as I do, I'm sure—and she speaks such pure English, with very slight accent. (Ahem!) I'm just a wee bit worried, for she seems to have an idea our country is perfect because it is Christian. Don't let her be too cruelly disillusioned, little niece. You see, I still think of you as the little twelve year old girl I knew seven years ago.

I must get this into the post if it is to reach you before she does, so no more for the present. As ever,

YOUR LOVING AUNT HESTER.

P. S.—I'm so glad she is going to my own dear old Wells—one of our finest colleges, that has always stood for the best Christian things!

PHOEBE—Well, she waxes oratorical about dear old Alma Mater.

JOAN—My word, a Chink to take unto myself for my bestest friend.

AURELIA—Look here, half of this is my room, and you needn't think——

PHOEBE—Hope she doesn't bring any queer Oriental disease with her.

AURELIA—What I was thinking was—that talk about U. S. and Wells being so Christian.

CHRISTINE—Sounds as though she might be a sanctimonious little prig! (*Folding hands in supposedly sanctimonious attitude.*) We try to be good.

JOAN (*lightly*)—Well, we'll soon take that out of her.

AURELIA—Strikes me Auntie has been away from dear old Wells too long.

PHOEBE—What a lark, girls, let's have some fun with her on this perfect English business. Spring all the slang we can scrape up—she won't know what we're talking about.

JOAN—Well, my dear children, we won't have to scrape much, to be unintelligible!

PHOEBE—To explain how I got this bright idea——

AURELIA—Bright ideas from you certainly need just a word of explanation.

PHOEBE (*ignoring her*)—An awfully funny man I know at Brown told me what fun he had with a Chink who sat next to him in Chemistry class. The professor spoke so rapidly and with such a queer accent that it was terribly trying to take notes from him. Well, this poor Chink would get stuck and would look over Johnnie's note-book to see how he had it, and so Johnnie, with solemn and preoccupied air, would put down the craziest things—Latin or Greek or a mathematical formula and then run in some slang, and Johnnie said that Chink's eyes would stick right out of his head.

JOAN—What sport.

CHRISTINE—Well, we have a pretty good line at our disposal, haven't we?

(*Knock—maid pokes in head*)—Miss Jo—anne, there's a little Chinese or Japanese girl down stairs asking for you and I told her I'd call you.

JOAN—Thank you, Mary. I'll come right down.

MARY—How can you tell which they are, Miss Joan?

JOAN—Which what are, Mary?

MARY—Whether they are Chink or Jap.

JOAN (*bowing low*)—I expect to know more about Oriental problems very soon, Miss Inquisitive, and then I shall be glad to enlighten you. Come on, girls—let's go!

ACT II.

ONE WEEK LATER

(*Joan sits at desk biting her pencil, her brow puckered up and a very much distressed look upon her face.*)

JOAN (*hesitantly, as though scanning poetry*)—

Beside the tree upon the bank,
dank-tank-sank——
The weary maiden sank—no
The weary lonely maiden sank—

Ugh! I can't do it. (*She takes up her photographs and looks at them earnestly.*)

AURELIA—(*bursts in—Joan hastily puts down pictures and takes up pencil*)—Finished yours yet? Got an inspiration?

JOAN (*wearily*)—No, and I've worked for hours.

AURELIA—The whole bunch are coming right up and between us we'll hash up something. Phoebe and Christine have theirs all written, of course, and Chee Moo has finished hers, too—but they'll all help. By the way, Chee Moo thinks you're just about the most worshipful thing ever was.

JOAN—Well, she certainly is a dear, and so naive. But listen here, Ree, I've just been trying to decide—whom shall I invite to Prom?

AURELIA—So that's the way you've been working for hours on poetry. (*Thinking a moment.*) Well, why don't you count 'em out?

JOAN—Good idea, only I hope it comes out right. (*Ranges three photos in front of her.*)

Inty minty tibety fig
Delia Dolia Nomin nig

Hichty pichty domanichty
Hand pan dust
Olga bolga boo
Out goes you.

The waste basket for you, Bobby. Well, I'm just as well pleased—I do hate cold weather. (*A tap on door—enter Chee Moo with large dictionary under arm.*)

AURELIA (*airily*)—Welcome to our city!

(*Chee Moo looks slightly puzzled, and then looks in surprise at Joan busily counting out, and then says, starting to open dictionary and then closing it*)—Russian?

AURELIA—No, that's Czecho-Slovakian—she's very clever.

(*Joan counts out Richard, first says out goes you, and then changes it to y-o-u but still it comes wrong, so starts a second time so as to make it come right.*)

AURELIA—Oh, you're cheating.

JOAN (*throwing Tom into waste-basket*)—I don't care. I'm going to write my Richard—you needn't try to dissuade me!

AURELIA—Go to it, sweetheart. Well, here they come. (*Enter Phoebe and Christine.*)

CHRISTINE (*declaiming*)—Hail to thee, blithe spirit
Bird thou never wert

JOAN—Oh, Christine, did you write that? It sounds great. Wait till you hear my first two lines.

CHRISTINE—No, darling, not guilty. I believe Mr. Byron or Amy Lowell or some one equally unknown perpetrated that.

CHEE MOO—Oh, no, Mr. Shelley, I'm sure.

PHOEBE—Listen to that child, there isn't anything she doesn't know.

AURELIA (*putting her arm around Chee Moo*)—Except Russian and Czecho-Slovakian.

CHRISTINE (*again declaims. Bowing to right and left*)—Ladies and gentlemen:—where are the others, Joan?

The time has come the walrus said
To speak of many things.

Out with it, Joan.

(*Phoebe takes the two photos out of waste basket.*)

JOAN—Well, girls, I simply can't write poetry. I have gazed long at nature about me——

AURELIA—She has pondered deeply on whom she will invite to Prom and—

JOAN (*interrupting*)—And so far this is what I have achieved. (*Reads from paper.*)

Beside the tree upon the bank
The weary lonely maiden sank.

CHRISTINE—A gem, but wait until you hear Phoebe's. She, too, resorts to nature. Go to it, Phoebe.

PHOEBE *reads dramatically The Flamingo*——

THE FLAMINGO

In the dusk of the summer twilight
When the leaves are all ashake
I think with my failing eyesight
Of the vision near the lake.

A sudden dash of color
A twitter among the leaves
And my face takes a sudden pallor
And my heart within me grieves.

At my feet lies a wounded bright thing
I kick it with my toe
No longer will it fly and sing
My brilliant flamingo.

(*Wild applause.*)

JOAN—Hope Prof. Greene won't object too strenuously to your toe.

PHOEBE (*pouting*)—Well, I couldn't help it—it was the only word that would fit in.

CHRISTINE—My own weak effort took the form of a sad little love song.

THE DIMMED LAMP

The bleary darkness deepens
The sunset disappears
And I await my lover
Thru' dim and misty tears.

He'll come not now nor never
Tho' my lamp I've burnished bright
My heart goes out to meet him
In the dank and lurid light.

JOAN—I don't just get the point, or what the lamp has to do with it, but it sounds just as good as Mr. Shelley.

CHRISTINE—You see, that's just why you can't write poetry—you just aren't naturally poetic. Besides, they aren't ever supposed to mean anything.

JOAN—Well, come on, let's get down to business. Ree and I'll do your tomorrow's math problems for you, if you'll write us each a poem.

PHOEBE—It's a bargain. (*Sets the three photos in a row, studying them gravely, then says slowly*)——

See these three photos in a row
From which shall come my dear hero.

(*Turning to Joan*)—See how simple it is?

CHRISTINE—Why not make it a quatrain? (*Goes on as she takes a supposedly poetic attitude, and brushes back the hair from her brow.*)

Of all the fellows I do know
This one alone, alone do I love so.

JOAN—You simpletons. Think you're smart.

CHEE MOO—But I don't understand.

JOAN—Don't understand what, most honorable maiden?

CHEE MOO—How can they write your poems?

CHRISTINE—Oh, that's easy. It won't take long, and Joan is such a shark at math—even if she doesn't look it—that she'll have my problems done in no time. Besides she has to do them for herself anyway.

CHEE MOO—But honorable ones, what do you come to college for, anyway? It won't help you to learn anything.

CHRISTINE—Oh, don't be a high-brow. We can't stand them.

CHEE MOO—But besides that it isn't quite honest, is it?

JOAN—My dear, PLEASE don't be goody-goody.

CHEE MOO (*slightly puzzled*)—Don't you people here like people to be good? Why I thought everyone was in this wonderful land. (*Wipes eyes.*)

JOAN (*impulsively*)—Get out all you folks and leave me and my bestest friend together (*putting her arm around her.*) (*Exeunt.*) I didn't mean to hurt you, dear, but you do have such absurd ideas. (*The two sit on couch,* CHEE MOO *wipes eyes.*)

JOAN—Now, my dear, we've only known you one week, but we just love you already, if only you can get rid of some of your queer ideas.

CHEE MOO—Why, I thought I was so American Christian.

JOAN—There you go—in the first place we don't talk about being Christian in America—we just are.

CHEE MOO (*innocently*)—Oh! are you?

JOAN (*hurriedly*)—Why, of course, of course.

CHEE MOO—Of course, I want to do as you do and I am doing the way Miss Hester said, I'm sure.

JOAN—O dear, I'm afraid either Aunt Hester hasn't been a very good judge of us, or else things have changed a lot in the last ten years, at least in our colleges. Why, we are no more like what she seems to think. I'm sorry to say, but I fear dear Auntie is a back-number.

CHEE MOO (*firing up*)—Do you mean something bad when you call Miss Hester back-number? If you do, I won't listen to you at all.

JOAN (*arms about her*)—You dear little loyal thing, of course I don't mean anything bad. Isn't she my own aunt? All I mean is that she's just a little old fashioned.

Now about this matter of helping each other out in our lessons, you shouldn't have gotten so excited. Every country has its customs, and here in our colleges we have ours, and no one thinks of calling a girl dishonest because she gets a little help when she's just rushed to death with all the things she has to do.

CHEE MOO—Wouldn't your honorable professors——

JOAN—Oh, well, of course, they don't count!

CHEE MOO—They count if they find out, don't they?

JOAN (*laughing*)—You bet, but they don't often. They caught one of the girls cheating in exams last June and suspended her. Too bad they caught her, for it was a very unpleasant scene.

CHEE MOO—The principal thing you say, then, is to cheat but not to get caught.

JOAN—My dear child, you are so literal! Here in a nutshell is our philosophy of life. Get just as much out of life as you can, and for pity sakes don't be a prig about it.

CHEE MOO (*musing*)—Strange, there seems to be nothing in your Christian—Oh, I didn't mean to say that—in your philosophy about giving to life; it's all getting—so different from what I had expected.

JOAN—And another thing, Americans believe in being alike. Don't try to be different. People will think you are posing if you go around talking the way you have been. You'll be all right when you get used to it.

CHEE MOO—I hope so, but some way it isn't quite so nice as I thought it was going to be.

JOAN—A year from now you'll be a very different person.

CHEE MOO—Well, of course, I must start right away I suppose. I shall have to get American clothes and wear my hair in your American way.

JOAN—Horror's, no! You're wonderful just as you are. Don't think of changing that way.

CHEE MOO—But you said all Americans like to be alike.

JOAN—Not in clothes and hair, that's one place you want to be original!

CHEE MOO—But you aren't, are you? Besides, I do not care to be conspicuous in my dress! (*Rising.*) I do want you girls to like me and I will try hard not to be a Christian!

JOAN (*horrified*)—For pity sakes, don't say such awful things—I just said not to talk about it. Now let's forget it and start your educa-

tion by going down to St. Clair and getting a lot of good things to eat.

CHEE MOO—Yes, that's it—get as much as you can out of life. Well, I 'spose food is part of it!

JOAN (*as they go out*)—Of course, it was different being a Christian in China—and saying so. It would naturally be so much easier than here.

CHEE MOO—Do you think so?

ACT III.

JUNE—ONE YEAR LATER

(*Joan and Aurelia in front of fireplace are sorting and throwing away papers.*)

JOAN (*sadly*)—Four of the happiest years of my life gone, and some way they leave a horrible taste.

AURELIA (*crossly*)—Say, you almost drive me crazy with your moping. You've decided, so what else is there to say. Don't spoil the evening for the rest of us.

JOAN—I 'spose I'd better write the news to the bunch rather than break it to them to-night.

AURELIA—I should say so. Here they come. (*Enter Phoebe and Chee Moo, arm in arm, talking excitedly. Also enter Christine.*)

PHOEBE—And you'll wear your darling Chinese clothes and help serve, and I'll wear Oriental looking clothes and long jade earrings and talk with a French accent.

CHEE MOO—And we'll have queer, exotic looking furniture——

PHOEBE—And incense——

CHEE MOO—And my, won't we soak 'em when it comes to paying for things.

PHOEBE (*hugging her*)—We'll be millionairesses before you know it. Listen girls, Chee Moo has at last decided to stay here and go in with me on a perfectly wonderful Greenwich Village Tea Room.

AURELIA—Good for you, you're showing some sense. Imagine, when you've improved so much going back to waste yourself on China.

(*Girls range themselves about fire, pass candy, etc.*)

CHRISTINE—Well, I have a wonderful position all settled for next year.

AURELIA—That's no news.

CHRISTINE—'Tis, too. I threw over the mountain whites job to go into statistical work for the Prudential—$800 more a year to start with and, of course, opportunity to rise.

PHOEBE—Great! You're certainly showing a great head when it comes to finances. Too bad you wasted so much time on Sociology this year.

CHRISTINE—Well, I don't mind, as long as I get $800 more.

JOAN—I'll bet the white trash school was sore when you turned them down at the last minute.

PHOEBE (stretching herself)—Well, Christine is settled with Prudential; Chee Moo and I are all set to make our fortunes on the most bizarre and quixotic tea-room there ever was—Joan, of course, will soon be preparing meals for the busy doctor which he will eat from three to six hours late. That leaves Ree—come on, 'fess up!

CHRISTINE (*with low bow, taking Ree by hand*)—Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great—(*noticing picture is missing*)—Why where's Richard gone?

JOAN (*bursts into tears. Everyone fusses over her—finally she quiets down.*)

AURELIA—Go ahead, Joan—you may as well own up that you've thrown him over!

ALL—Thrown him over!

CHEE MOO—Why, I thought you really loved him, Joan.

JOAN (*sobbing*)—I do.

CHRISTINE—Ree, you tell us.

AURELIA—Well, you see Richard always was a dear but a little old-fashioned in his ideas——

JOAN (*indignantly*)—He is not.

AURELIA—Well, I'm just saying what you told me, and he's got it into his head he isn't needed in the good old U. S. A.—in fact, that he would be wasted here, but feels that China would appreciate his great ability.

ALL—*China*!

JOAN—Ree, I think you're horrid. You sound as though he were egotistical, and he isn't a bit.

AURELIA—Well, anyway, he's begged her to go with him——

CHEE MOO (*slowly*)—And you refused?

JOAN—Not yet.

AURELIA—But soon.

CHEE MOO—(*Looks at the girls inscrutably, and then leaves the room.*)

CHRISTINE—Well, I don't blame you, Joan, I call it the limit to drag you off out there.

PHOEBE—It would be different if he were going into diplomatic service, but——

JOAN (*sobbing*)—Oh, it's awful. It's bad enough to have an aunt who is a missionary, but imagine, I'd really be one myself.

AURELIA—Oh, it wouldn't be so bad if he were going for Standard Oil or National City Bank. You wouldn't stay many years and you would have a social position, but—a medical missionary, horrors!

CHRISTINE—Why don't you tell him you won't let him go! I should.

JOAN—Oh, I can't, I can't, and I'm so unhappy.

(*Re-enter Chee Moo in Chinese costume.*)

PHOEBE—Doesn't she look cute (*with low bow.*) Art thou the proprietor of the Magenta Elephant, most honorable one?

CHEE MOO (*quietly, and without a smile*)—No—and never shall be.

PHOEBE—Ah-ha! We're on our dignity, are we. Dost thou object to the name or to thy most humble and insignificant partner?

CHEE MOO (*looking around slowly*)—At last I see it all—how could I have been so blind!

(*All the girls are surprised—even Joan stops sobbing.*)

CHEE MOO (*still quietly*)—To think what I was a year and a half ago and how I have changed.

JOAN—Why, Chee Moo, I must say the change has been for the better.

CHRISTINE—What's the matter, don't you feel well, Chee Moo?

CHEE MOO—No, I certainly don't. I feel sick when I think—when I think how I've denied my Master.

(*All girls look uncomfortable.*)

CHEE MOO—But at last I see you—you my best friends in your true light. (*Growing excited.*) Absolutely self centered, willing to sacrifice even the man you love (*pointing to Joan*) because you might not be comfortable, and have social position and all the rest of it. Christianity—you don't know anything about it. We need to send some of our Chinese Christians to teach you. Why, do you know that thousands of us have given our lives rather than deny our Master and His Word. How many of you would do that? How many in your churches would do it! (*Sobbing.*) And I have become like one of you!

PHOEBE—I say, Chee Moo, I think you're a little hard on us!

JOAN—I should say so—I don't know why I should go to China (*defiantly.*) Aren't you a little selfish yourself, Chee Moo, in wanting me to go to your country?

CHEE MOO—Oh, I hope you don't really think that. I should feel just the same if it were India or Africa or any of the other countries which need so MUCH. Oh, how they need everything which comes with Christianity, the education, the medical care and sanitation, the respect for women, Christian ideals for homes, and best of all the peace and joy which comes only with Christianity.

PHOEBE—Really, Chee Moo, you are rather unfair. I'm sure we send millions of dollars and stacks of missionaries. My father says in our own church we're sending money that's needed right now to keep our own church in repair.

CHEE MOO—Poor things, you do have such a hard time, or at least you think you have. Of course, the fact that your Christians here are spending a great deal more for chewing gum than for your spreading of the Gospel, means nothing to you. Why, one of your fathers brag-

ged to me that he had been giving five whole cents a day to missions for four years, but he was going to cut it to ten cents a week after the New World Movement was over—his own church needed the money. I hope it gets it! I wonder how much his weekly cigar bill is?

PHOEBE (*angrily*)—Do you mean my father? I don't think you have any right to judge.

CHEE MOO—No, I don't mean anyone, Phoebe—but it probably applies to everyone. And another thing—it amuses me the way you girls quote your fathers when it's something with which you agree. I notice in some other things you aren't quite so sure of their infallibility. Oh, girls, I don't want to be critical, but put yourself in my place. When I was very small, before my family became Christians we had an epidemic of what we call Heavenly Blossoms and you call Small Pox.

JOAN—Oh, did you have it, dear?

CHEE MOO—Yes, and all my brothers and sisters and three of them died. That was when I lost my only brother. They tried all the cures they knew on my brother, tying red rags to the small pox goddess, pricking him with a long needle to let out the pain, giving him silly concoctions made of coffin nails and things like that, but the last desperate attempt came when he was almost dead. My mother wrapped him up and carried him to a neighbor where they were still well, and brought the neighbor's little well boy over and put him in his bed. As a result four other children caught the disease and two died.

GIRLS—Awful! Horrible!

JOAN—Why did they do such a silly thing?

CHEE MOO (*slowly and impressively*)—Because the only doctor anywhere near us was 60 miles away and had over two million people to care for!

JOAN—Really!

CHEE MOO—And right here where you want Richard to settle there are already over a thousand doctors and 300 or 400 dentists!

JOAN—Are there really that many?

CHEE MOO—Look it up in your telephone book. Look at the doctor's signs on Broadway and Broad St. and Waterman and Angell Sts. Do you need any more? But girls, this is the thing that keeps coming back to me, and I can't forget it. I can't stay here in comfort and luxury running a tea-room when it is still going on over there. When my brother was so sick, every night at sunset my mother went out in front of the house with one of my brother's little jackets, and she would wave it in the air and cry "Come back, little lost soul, come back." And her friends would say, call louder, and she would try so hard to call loud enough so that the little lost soul would hear.

When I think of the thousands of little Chinese mothers who are calling, calling, I wonder that the call isn't loud enough to reach you in America. But (*sadly*) it isn't, of course, for even I who should have heard it, didn't. (*Wipes eyes.*)

JOAN—Oh, yes, you have, Chee Moo, and so have I.

AURELIA (*jumping up*)—What, you aren't going?

JOAN—I am—I am, and it's so strange, I feel so happy. Why, I never was so happy in all my life before.

AURELIA (*pessimistically*)—Well, let's hope it lasts. Anyway, I'm going to bed. (*Goes out hastily.*)

(*Phoebe and Christine also begin to depart. Phoebe goes out first and Christine turns as she leaves and says, rather solemnly shaking her finger at Chee Moo.*)

CHRISTINE—I hope you're satisfied—I am $800 poorer tonight, all on account of you.

CHEE MOO (*to Joan*)—I'm ashamed of all the terrible things I said, and—

PHOEBE (*pokes head in door*)—Say, Chee Moo, do you 'spose we could run the food end of Dr. Richard's hospital?

CHEE MOO (*happily*)—Oh, let's do it, Phoebe.

In the distance some one sings——

"Have thine own way, Lord
Have thine own way,
Thou art the potter,
I am the clay."

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